

Under Every Rock Comes A Creature With Claws!

Chapter -21-



By **2003** I had discovered **MP3.com** which I believe was a early attempted to sell D.I.Y. music by way a internet streaming service. It was known for its original incarnation as a legal, free music-sharing service, named after the popular music file format MP3, popular with D.I.Y. musicians for promoting their work. I was shocked that I could list 6 of my products and not have to pay any taxes on the downloads. MP3.com took a % of the sale and said they would send me a check. That never happened with any of the sharing service I dealt with in my life! Switch & Bait? I always treated them as a "business card". Anyway, I listed 7 projects with them: **"In Dad's Army"**, **"My Favorite Part Of You"**, **"The Ultraviolet Catastrophe"** **"Good Food"** a project by me & charlie, and finally, **"Appearance Of The Magi"** by **Studio 110**. Also in 2003 I appeared on **Gulcher Records** released, **"The Screamin Mee-Mee Live From The Basement 1975-1997"** on a double CD. **Bruce Cole & Jon Ashline** came from the St. Louis suburb Ferguson, Missouri. They Started out in early 70s. **Gulcher Records** was a long-running US independent record label founded in Bloomington, Indiana by **Bob Richert** in 1975. Gulcher was formed as one of the earliest small independent labels and fanzines and was propelled to legendary status by the release of the first Gizmos EP. Gulcher championed the "low-fi DIY" revolution before it was even born. Most of the Gulcher releases were of the raw basic punk variety. The band was learning to play before your very eyes . . . mistakes and all! Later releases were a bit varied stylistically, yet all stayed true to the DIY ethic that would begin to spread around the US in the early-80s. I had met **Bruce Cole** of the **Screaming Mee-Mees** through **Tom Lax** and **Tommy Jay**. We became pen pals when I was living at **Milo Arts** and Bruce would write me these off the walls letters to me about the happenings in his life. Bruce was a force of nature and master of Lo-Fi do-it-yourself music. I guess he toured England and it seemed to me in **2003** he was headed for the big time. He like to collect junk equipment for recording songs. I remember the session for **"Plow Boy Blues"**. Bruce Cole had written it for the B-side of a 45 and ask Tommy to produce it. When I got to the session both of them were stoned legless. They had been drinking whiskey and smoking weed before I showed up. When they had run out of beer Tommy Jay open up a pint of whiskey and him and Bruce were taking turns doing slugs. When they passed the bottle to me I just chugged the whole dam thing down in one gulp. Next thing I knew the room was spinning and I had to barf. Somehow they kept on going until 5AM next morning. When I woke up at noon Tommy played the song and I was shocked that they were pleased with the cut. It probably was the *"worst hangover of my life"* and they teased me

about my crazy behavior. All Indians should stay away from the white man's fire water! I think maybe my bankruptcy, no job and the Iraq War had all added to my stress level at the time. But that's no excuse for my behavior. All I wanted was to blackout and escape the emotional pain that I was in. This happened when I was still living at Silver Maple just before I entered therapy. Shortly after that there was another session where Tommy and I got really liquored up again. It was right around the time I moved into Park Ave. **Tommy Jay, Ray Parks** (*Ray-dog*) and I had started partying after a **Quotas** band rehearsal. Things got out of control. Once again we turned to whiskey after the beer ran out. I was the only one of the Harrisburgers who couldn't hold his booze. Rep and Tommy could always drink me under the table! So as usual I black out. But when I woke up unexpectedly I saw a "*bright glowing yellow stream of piss*" flying over my head and heard wobbling Tommy Jay begging Ray-Dog to "use the toilet downstairs"! Ray let it rip all over my bass rig and carpet! Next morning it smelled of urine and Tom and I had to cleaned it up! I think later I wrote a song called, "Ray Dog Pissed on my bass rig"! Ray Parks is a rock n' roll god! He is as real as you can get!

BY RANDALL ROBERTS

As you descend into Bruce Cole's basement, it looks like any suburban basement — cluttered with boxes, old records, a washer and dryer and miscellaneous junk that's too valuable to pitch but not worthy of display. Once acclimated, though, a picture starts to take shape. There are posters on the cement walls: Larry from the Three Stooges, Bruce Lee, James Brown, Royal Trux. Musical instruments lay all over the place: toy organs, a Casio, a slide whistle, guitars, a cheap drum kit. Old reel-to-reel tapes are strewn around, along with microphones and stands, a wah-wah pedal, old 45 players. "Right there's a Presto record-cutting lathe," Cole says. "Cuts 33 and 78. You can still get the wax and you can still get the styluses." The basement is a graveyard of old recording equipment that has been salvaged from alleyways and trash bins, repaired and put to use recording the

Pepsi), "Max Factor," "Green Cigars from Mars," "Pull My Finger" and "Vision of the Dark Pumpkin." There are no love songs.

But underneath the musical insanity is the pure inspiration of creativity unfettered by notions of accessibility and musical trends. It's chaotic and free, made with out-of-tune guitars and missed drum beats. Cole and Ashline have been making this kind of music since Cole was 18; he's now 44. He learned guitar by "just listening to records and watching guys on *American Bandstand*. I learned how to

fanzines, most notably Boston's *Forced Exposure*, who said the Screamin' Mee-Mees' self-released album from 1992, *Clutching Hand Monster Mitt*, "makes the basement seem like a viable universe once



VITAMINIC BACKSTAGE - DOWNLOAD STATISTICS

Page 1 of 2

SQUID!
THANK FOR TH' SWELL
C.D. AND DVD'S. UNFORTUN-
-ATELY, I AIN'T GOT A PLAYER.
NOW, I'M SITTING ON 8 DVD'S AND
NOTHIN' TO PLAY 'EM ON. ON TOP
OF THAT, I GOT FIRED TODAY!
HIP, HIP, HOORAY! I AIN'T WORKIN'
FOR ANOTHER BITCHY BROAD.
IT'S LIKE BEIN' MARRIED WITH
NO FUCKIN' YAKNOW? SO,
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR MORE
MEE-MEES SHIT, SO LOOK OUT!

LATER,
Bwana!

VITAMINIC BACKSTAGE - DOWNLOAD STATISTICS			
			
Backstage / Download Statistics			
THE MUSIC EVOLUTION			
Nudge SquidFish - Premium Artist			
- Enter the directory - Change registration data - Set your home page - Distribute and sell music - View statistics - Entering our foreign sites - Fan Club - Promote your band - Concert dates - Premium Status - Band members			
- Get back to your backstage - Logout			
HELP			
DOWNLOAD STATISTICS			
Number of downloads of your tracks yesterday, in the last week and since the beginning of the site			
all the sites			
The figures in brackets show tracks that were 100% downloaded, not partial or broken downloads. This statistic only takes into account downloads taking place since January 18th 2001, when the improved reporting system was introduced. Please note: This page only shows downloads for free tracks. Any downloads that have been paid for will be included on the "tracks sold" page.			
Title	Yesterday	6-10-2005 12-16-2005	Since the beginning
5 golden coins	0 (0)	1 (0)	116 (19)
a symbol of you	0 (0)	9 (0)	198 (6)
Albuquerque Time	0 (0)	0 (0)	31 (8)
animal in me	0 (0)	0 (0)	11 (1)
army logic	0 (0)	4 (0)	136 (16)
blow job	0 (0)	5 (0)	205 (47)
Breathe	1 (0)	1 (0)	294 (20)
Busted	0 (0)	0 (0)	34 (10)
by myself	8 (0)	34 (0)	503 (15)
Cartwheels	0 (0)	0 (0)	8 (1)
Cowgirls get depressed.	0 (0)	0 (0)	139 (32)
Drinking all my tears on down	0 (0)	0 (0)	10 (1)
Empress of the Dumpster	0 (0)	0 (0)	33 (7)
Even Steven	0 (0)	0 (0)	129 (34)
Far, Far Away From The World	0 (0)	0 (0)	20 (3)
Golden Years	0 (0)	3 (0)	86 (5)
Goodbye Princess	1 (0)	6 (0)	269 (21)
I'll baby you	4 (0)	20 (0)	275 (5)
If there is love	3 (0)	8 (0)	207 (4)
If two was one	0 (0)	5 (0)	143 (6)
Intolerance	0 (0)	0 (0)	58 (20)
Johnny's Got A Pistol	0 (0)	0 (0)	12 (3)
Last of the baby boomers.	1 (0)	4 (0)	101 (14)
Love in a Thunder Storm	1 (0)	12 (0)	198 (23)
mascara & sybills	0 (0)	0 (0)	13 (4)
Messing With Love.	0 (0)	0 (0)	0 (0)
Moonflower	0 (0)	0 (0)	0 (0)
Moonflower	0 (0)	0 (0)	12 (2)
Moonshiners	0 (0)	0 (0)	9 (2)
No good women blues	0 (0)	6 (0)	119 (6)

By July of **2003** I had filed for bankruptcy on \$2000 of credit card debt. When the lawyer saw how little I owned he advised me to try negotiation with the bank. It didn't work. Later he drop it after reviewing my financial. As the Oil industry geared up it's fracking efforts; and the bogus Iraq War over weapons of mass destruction shifted into high gear, I began walking to the Library to do research on poisons. I had did this before in 2002 but once again I felt the need to end my life. At the time I felt there wasn't any reason to go on. But when shit got real with my female shrink we explored other options. She advised me to stay away from Lynn and Leslie. They were toxic to my balance. And for a while I did. In the mean time **Tommy Jay** and **Mike Rep** kept pushing my music publicly. Both sensed I was in deep trouble emotionally and came to my aid. Both gave me money to keep me in the game but for different reasons. For Mike it was all about the Quotas. For Tommy is was about love of a good friend. Without their support I would have ended up killing myself. By that Xmas of 2003 I felt well enough mentally to started messing around with this singer songwriter called **Dee Baltzltty**. In the mid 1980s when MTV was all the rage she had signed with **Clive Davis**. She had some friends in the music business and was riding the new wave MTV riff.

Clive Davis is an American record producer, A&R executive, record executive, and lawyer. He has won five Grammy Awards and was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, as a non-performer, in 2000. From 1967 to 1973, Davis was the president of Columbia Records. He was founder and president of Arista Records from 1974 through 2000 until founding J Records. From 2002 until April 2008, he was chair and CEO of the RCA Music Group (which included RCA Records, J Records, and Arista Records), chair and CEO of J Records, and chair and CEO of BMG North America. Davis is credited with hiring a young recording artist, Tony Orlando, for Columbia in 1967. He has signed many artists who achieved significant success, including Sly and the Family Stone, Janis Joplin, Laura Nyro, Santana, Bruce Springsteen, Chicago, Billy Joel, Donovan, Bay City Rollers, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Loggins & Messina, Ace of Base, Aerosmith, Olivia Longott, Pink Floyd and Westlife. He is also credited with bringing Whitney Houston and Barry Manilow to prominence. I never forgave him for that.

Dee had signed with **Davis** and was going to start and America tour to promote her band's upcoming LP. Unfortunately, before the tour was to start she got pregnant and decided she wanted to be a mother instead. When she told me her story I didn't know what to think? But then she gave me the master demo of tape of 1980 dance music that got her the contract with Davis. It was all mid 1980s MTV crap-Ola but very marketable for the era. We talked about recording but it wasn't Lo-Fi D.I.Y. stuff. We went on a few dates to see some of her friends play in the German Village Bars. I never slept with her but we messed around an awful lot. Something about her turned me off. She wasn't a good fit for me and I knew it. So when she took me to a few of her lovers gigs I baled on her. It was plain to me that she was playing the field and I wanted no part of that. I just didn't click with her. Something was wrong with the chemistry. But this did help me with my therapy. Years later Dee did back up vocals on **Ted Lust's** "*California*

King" song. The girl has great Kung Fu and I still consider her a friend.



On **June 2rd** of **2004** Mike Rep and the Quotas played the some bar in **Louisville** We ended up staying at this mansion after the show. It had a private bar in the basement which Tommy and Rep quickly took advantage of. Then at 3 AM all of hopped into a car for a tour of the city. I wasn't drunk but Rep and Tommy were flying first class. We drove about a block when a cop car pulled up behind us. I thought we were all going to jail. The car was full of weed smoke! You almost couldn't see out the window. But to our amazement the cop sped off in hot pursuit of some local villain. At that point I head back to my room and went to bed leaving Tommy and Rep to their "gusto hungry" ways. I'm not sure who the guy was who owned the place but I could tell from all the suits of Knight's Armor; and the plush 1920 Great Gatsby Furniture, that it was "Old Kentucky Derby Money".



That morning, June 3rd I woke up to a breakfast fit for Kings. We said our goodbye to our host and beat feet for the **Springwater** in **Nashville**. After we checked in to the Holiday Inn across the street, Me, Tom and Rep headed to Centennial Park and hung out at the **Parthenon Museum** smoking dope and drinking beers. Then Tommy and Rep spread out a blanket and fired up a joint just as the Nashville cops pull up. This was the 2rd time I thought we were going to go to jail. The Cops began to stair. I thought all 3 of us were going to get butt-fucked in jail! At the time Nashville had much stricter pot laws. A roach got you 1 year in jail minimum. But I was able to convince Tom and Rep of the clear and present danger. So we packed it up and head back to the Holiday Inn. When I had lived in Nashville the Springwater was a place I always wanted to play so it was a dream come true for me. That night we hammered the bar hard and at 3 AM hit the road back to Columbus. When I got back home I had a message from **Klaus** who was living in **Brooklyn NY** at the time. He had booked 2 eight hour days mix-down at **Primal Digital Studio** at 216 Plymouth St. in Brooklyn NY. **Julian Lauzzana** (*engineer*) was going to take a crack at the 4 track Lorca's Grave project. So in mid-July I stayed with Klaus and spent the weekend hunkered down in the Brooklyn studio working on final mixes for the "LP" Klaus was planning to release. After that session, when I got home, a payment dispute arose between Julian and Klaus. I had no idea who is in possession of the final mixes, but it would be nice to see the Lorca's Grave project make it to Vinyl.

Sometime in **2004** I began to have trouble buying cassettes for my **Tascam MK**

II 8 track recorder. Once again I ran into my old enemy *Planned Obsolescence*. In economics and industrial design, planned obsolescence (also called built-in obsolescence or premature obsolescence) is a policy of planning or designing a product with an artificially limited useful life or a purposely frail design, so that it becomes obsolete after a certain pre-determined period of time upon which it decrementally functions or suddenly ceases to function, or might be perceived as unfashionable. The rationale behind this strategy is to **generate long-term sales volume** by reducing the time between repeat purchases (referred to as "shortening the replacement cycle"). It is the deliberate shortening of a lifespan of a product to force people to purchase functional replacements. This is something that led to a large amount of unnecessary environmental damage. I believe the flow of deadly toxins into our food and health systems is currently aggravating of global warming problem. I had no choice but to go digital. So as I became more comfortable with my new location at 243 Park Ave; I decided to designed my new studio around Tascam's DP-01 8 track digital recorder. I called it the Blue Beast. From there I could master a CD on a computer or stand alone CD burner. Eventually I got sick of the software vendor updates which were designed to block the burner. So I went with the standalone Burner. The software vendors were always trying to force me to buy new software. For the D.I.Y.-er, the Moral of the story is : Keep vendors out of your music. Stay in control of your music.



Also around this time **Cloud Tiger** got back in touch with me. Back in **1998** when I first met her she had been working on a CD called "**Songs From the Gate of Tigers**". Both Jim and I had been highly impress by the quality of her writing. I'm not sure if she knew that **Lynn** and I had went our separate ways. She was homeless moving around from different teaching gigs and staying with friends. I was happy to hang out with her again. We did shopping trips, ran errands, spend time at my place getting to know each better and having fun. To be honest, I was getting very comfortable being alone, but the mating question seem to be lingering in the background and neither of us could deal with that. This was just before she started seeing a Rabbi for spiritual training. What's really weird is before 1998 I had 3 or 4 very close female friends and the thought of sex with them never ever crossed my mind. For some strange reason, it seems that after Jimbo died, I started to want to a female friend with benefits in my life. In the mean time the post polio was slowly coming under control. I had created a rigorous excise regiment and it was starting to pay off. By the spring of **2005** I was still in therapy; but I saw the light at the end of the tunnel and was planning to get around "without a cain".

That summer of **2004** I won my social security case and my economic situation slowly began to improve. Once that happen I began to make progress and became very stable. With steady cash and a permanent roof over my head I felt I was getting back to my old Kimberly Ave way of Life. Things are so much better

when you know which way you're going. The uncertainty that had always rule me was fading away. However, it wouldn't be until **2007** that I would completely master my desire for a "friend with benefits". Looking back I realized I gave too much to soon and got nothing back from my interactions with both Lynn and Leslie. Both responded with mix messages. Both made me fight for their attention. Both pretended and put on the "fake friends" act when in truth they didn't want what I was selling! With Leslie I think it may had been because I wasn't Jewish. With Lynn I think it was about money. Lynn was always going on about her family business. I never understood why? But it was really important to her. I had married into money with Kathy and wasn't about to do that riff again! Some rich parents like to control other family members. It happen with me. I think it may have happen to Kevyn too. Maybe the pot and booze didn't fit into Lynn's family notion of business. I don't know. I didn't care. But I wasn't going to let that shit happen to me again. No way!

Looking back I would say that the Do-It-Yourself music movement is superior to the record industry. I had reached the point were it was more important to make original music than it was to be dependent financially of fame. There was no sales peaks. No record labels requests to repeat a flow-up hits. For me it was just a constant liner progression upwards to a bigger and better quality of art. Once Jimbo died I had avoided the swirling vortex of money, fame & pressure. But as I entered in to the fall a major event would radically redirect me toward my encounter with beings from another world.

I had received a flier about a lecture on the collapse of our current economic structure from Phoenix Bookstore in Columbus Ohio. I can't be sure but I think they may have know "**Betty**" my psychic teacher. Anyway the founder and owner Robert F. Peters is a professional astrologer with over 40 years experience and was very skilled with the ins and outs of the occult sciences. The next day when I was meditating the "*astral/etheric shell*" of **H.P. Blavatsky** came to me and strongly advised me that I should attend. Now, anyone who has ever been approach by a spiritually advance "ghost" knows that is a special experience. But it soon became obvious to me that I have been in training for this experience since 1986 when I began training with Betty out in Bexley Ohio. So on the big day I was very afraid of the meeting but **H.P. Blavatsky's** ghost stay right beside me for the whole ordeal. I was briefed on **Benjamin Creme** the Scottish artist, author, esotericist, and editor of **Share International magazine**. Creme asserted that the Second Coming, prophesied by many religions, would come in the form of **Maitreya, the World Teacher**. Maitreya is the name Buddhists use for the future Buddha, but **Creme** claimed that **Maitreya** is the teacher that all religions point towards and hope for, as well as the Head of the Spiritual Hierarchy on Earth. Other names for him, according to **Creme**, are **the Christ, the Imam Mahdi, Krishna, and the Messiah**. Creme claimed Maitreya is "the World Teacher" for All Humanity for the Aquarian Age (*2,600 Year Cycle*), and is immortal and omniscient, and has lived in London since **19 July 1977**. When speaking of **Maitreya**, **Creme** insisted that **Maitreya** is not a religious teacher in the traditional sense, but rather "*an educationalist in the widest sense of the word, advocating changes in our political, economic and social life... He comes to*

show that the spiritual life can be lived in every department of human living - not alone in the religious field.

To be honest after that meeting everything change for me. Music was no longer my top priority. Suddenly my psychic abilities exploded. I came into possessions of my life's purpose. Everything finally made sense to me. I was slowly being groomed as a spokesperson and herald for the new economic world to come. It was a very small part in a infinite galactic story. It took a few years and a lot of paranormal experiences before I was able to finally wrap my head around the very strange events I was pass through. How I survived it is still a mystery. But I survived it. So with vision in hand; and constant psychic contact with very advance beings, I started to chart my new path. I had no idea of all the negativity and ridicule I was to endure for this new world order. But when Master **Maitreya** ask if I would help, I said yes and never looked back. The only regret is that I never got to share my vision with certain humans I loved.

Anyway, by **July 2004 Mike Rep & the Quotas** started to do a lot of shows. I was very busy doing Root Cellar, Whales, and Tommy Jay All Stars shows. Almost every weekend I was either playing or recording out at Tommy's. Nearing the close of **2004** I had completed 4 musical projects: "**The 45's**" CD on Orange Entropy Records, a VHS/DVD Video about Jim Shepard called "**Backstage Pass**", A Mike Rep VHS/DVD Video called "**Two Days On The Road**" and finally Mike Rep & the Quotas VHS/DVD Video Called "**Live At Skully's**" A few of these songs I recorded in 2004 focused on my situation with either Lynn or Leslie with notable exceptions. But as I headed into **2005** I had no idea that Lynn and I would pick up where we had left off. Locally, the Quotas where picking up steam. I would say that 2004 ended up being a very productive year.



Old Louisville staple, Rudyard Kipling, closes

The Rudyard Kipling closes its doors, and the building is now for sale.

On **November 11th of 2004** the **Quotas** return to **Louisville** and played the **Rudyard Kipling**. I don't remember the guy who booked the show but there seemed to be some drama with another dude over this women. The three people involved created a tense situation at my table. Both men tried to ingratiate themselves to the band. Quickly a political situation as to who the Quotas would patronized developed. I shot some video of the actors involved. The next night, **Nov 11th 2004** The Quotas play with **Dave Cloud** and the **Gospel of Power** at the **Red Rose** in **Nashville**. Now it's was around this time that I met **Adam Smith, Bo** and **Emily Davis** of **Necropolis**. Adam had Co-founded **Columbus Discount Records** in 2004. Adam also worked at **Musicol** which was the main pressing plant for the OSU campus scene. Then Adam relocated to Texas in 2014 and opened **Audiomatic Mastering**. Over the years Adam has released a lot of Squidfish projects. Also, around that winter I made the mistake of reaching out to Lynn. I still don't know why I did. But I did. I'm not sure if Leslie viewed it as disloyalty. She must have gotten wind of it. At the time they both had male friends so I didn't think it mattered to either of them. All I knew was the feelings in my heart. And these feelings kept on growing. a month later the one dude from the **Rudyard Kipling** gig, who'd father the child, showed up at my door

step. How he got my address and phone I do not know. There was this unexpected knock on my door and the father of the child had drove all the way from Louisville to see me. WTF? He was my first groupie. But when he had discovered he had left his wallet at the phone booth; and was low on gas, I drove him to the phone booth to retrieve it. Of course the money was gone but his I.D. was still in the wallet. So I gave him \$20 bucks and sent him back to Louisville. What I had learn from 2004 was that it all comes down to a flip a coin. The machinery of Karma may be great for the muse but it is also hell on the head. There was a delicate sense of probabilities I began to juggle. The idea of being good friends with people came into to conflict with the reality that their ideas were not compatible with mine. A lot these people were psychological enigmas to me. But this was the hand I was given and I had to play this game of life. Running away was no longer an option. Sometime fate makes you deal with certain situations and people that are bad for you. When that happens you just have to smile and cope. Do the best you can and try to find some fun.